

# in the ink dark

*These are some words to wander with  
as part of In the Ink Dark a project  
from Luke Pell and collaborators*

**LUCY GAIZELY, I AM RUNNING  
MAY 2019**

**PODCAST 6 TRANSCRIPT**

“ It’s August 31st 2018 and I am Running. I am Running away from my house and towards a distance I am not quite sure I can achieve right now. Behind me is the gloriously dirty back drop of the city and ahead of me is the surprisingly beautiful fields of Glasgows’ own suburbs. A reminder that it was all just hills once. I am attempting to be rhythmical, to pace myself. I am not sure how I am doing yet, I will find out, but not until later.

I acknowledge that my heart rate has increased and I smile to my self in counter acknowledgement that this is because to the left I am passing a notorious housing estate, a scheme, nestled optimistically next to Glasgow’s only village, which dates back to the 17th century. It is optimistic, it was a really good idea. Castlemilk provided families from the 50’s onwards with another option to the inner city slums, it was a modern development, indoor bathrooms, gardens. I am not afraid of this area, I am afraid of the dogs I might encounter in this area.

I am afraid of the 3 doe’s that gallop out in front of me, crossing my path into the road. They turn and stare at me, in their giddy, hideously neurotic way. All I see is those dogs from the Hunger Games, programmed to attack me and consider taking a different path, I’m not as brave as lions.

I don’t, until a small red red fox jumps out of one of the bins in front of me. I yelp and feel gratitude that its 7.05am and no one can see this cowardly behaviour playing out, determining the direction I am destined to go in.

This day begins a shift of everything. My mantra is keep going, keep going, keep fucking going. I establish a pace, I recognise modicums of skill in my approach. A desire to learn more, a manageable obsession with online forums where the veterans support those like me to see themselves as warriors and competitors. I eat more protein and marvel that I might be one of those people that know exactly what is needed to fuel the body and actually gift my human vessel with it. Maybe, hopefully. It’s all a bit too good to be true. I feel heartsore and concerned at the gazelle of a 14 year old hiding from PE instructors on the first leg of cross country circa 1994. Inhaling nicotine and calling those that could do it, all the terrible cunts in the world.

My soundtrack is ostensibly indulgent but necessary. Toni Braxton pumps through my ears and directly to my heart. Keep going, keep fucking going. My body surprises me, I organise my thoughts as I go, slightly obsessively at first, wanting each run to provide me with the same crystal clarity as the last. A physiological phenomenon takes place, and it begins to take place every time I move. A rise and swell, like that of a 4 year old containing a tantrum lurks in my chest and I resist this,

like battling back pleasure, until the right moment, until I can't stop it at all.

I cry, I cry fat, salty, uncharacteristic tears, bitter tears, happy tears, nonchalant tears, I cry because I have to keep on going, I cry because I am far from perfect and feel like I might get caught, I cry because I am angry that nothing stays the same, I cry because I am delighted that nothing stays the same, I cry because I am frightened to look forward, I cry because I have lost a structure around me, I cry because sometime I just can't be arsed, I cry because I am not quite in receipt of what is and isn't my responsibility, I cry because I am mourning and realise that mourning the loss of something is not always the domain of something that has passed from the conscious and material world. It isn't I have learned, only to do with death, In fact as I cry it is so much more to with with living. I cry because I have lost friendship, I cry because I have gained friendship that feels remarkable but I cry that I might lose it too, I cry because I can see that others around me are only just holding it together, only just living a life, I cry because none of this is some fucking social media affirmation, and then I cry because of my intolerance at those people that find solace in social media affirmations. I cry because I could do better, have done better, will do better. I cry because I can feel autumn which inevitably brings winter, I cry at the predicability of the seasons, I cry because i'm inherently Northern and unaccustomed to this type of purification, I cry for myself and I haven't done this in this way before.

Once I do, I need to every time I move, every time I compete with myself to go further and further than the last. I externalise strength and power with a dumbbell or a heavy weight. I lift heavy because it's remarkably so unlike me to do so and I garner strength in a community that I had previously thought to be vacuous, unimportant and mysterious to me. I am sorry buff man with the exceptional chest, I didn't know you also needed to keep going, and you lady built like a machine, you are a delicate soul creating all the armour you need to exist. And I see you too, you've had a health scare but your not done yet and despite your age, you are doing it, we are doing, we are keeping going.

Keep on going, Keep on going, Keep on fucking going.

## Biography

LUCY GAIZELY

21common.org

The genesis of **21Common** was an artist-centric, artist-led collective born from a friendship and collaboration between **Gary Gardiner, Lucy Gaizely, Ian Johnston, Louise Irwin** and **Adrian Howells**.

**21Common** enabled a group of passionate and enduring artists to make work which ruffles feathers and challenges the accepted and expected ways of being.

In 2011 **Lucy Gaizely** produced a two-year residency led by internationally acclaimed artist **Adrian Howells** at **The Arches** in Glasgow and at **Sense Scotland**, a charity supporting those with profound disabilities. Exploring ideas of intimacy and vulnerability, it was an attempt to engage adults with complex learning needs, isolated by society in art and to potentially provide mentoring for any emergent artists made visible by this process. **Ian Johnston** became one of those artists and it became clear as their good friend Adrian said 'There is only one other person who dances like Ian and that's Gary Snake hips.' Their show *Dancer* developed from this realisation and research after a long and detailed fruition period. It became Adrian's final work when he died in 2014. Although Adrian is gone his approach to practice is still vitally present throughout every single thing they do.

Since then they have produced several new works and projects and were thrilled to have been awarded RFO status by **Creative Scotland** for the period 2018-21. Lucy Gaizely is currently touring *The Ballad of The Apathetic Son and his Narcissistic Mother*, a show performed with her 16 year old son Raedie, inspired by Sia and their less than harmonious relationship. 21Common are about to open the premiere of their new show *In The Interest of Health and Safety can Patrons Kindly Supervise their children at All Times*. A collaboration with 10 year olds exploring societies fear of children and risk. In 2018, Lucy Gaizely co-curated **FUTUREPROOF** with **National Theatre of Scotland** - a major radical new festival of international performing arts, created by young people working alongside renowned Scottish, British and international theatre practitioners.